

My Misery

Jonatha Brooke

My misery doesn't like company. I can do this by myself.
I can ride the undertow, I don't need your help.
Because I'm basking in the afterglow of one more desperate night.

No one needs to know exactly where I
go, cause I'm ripping with the tide.
Love's hit or miss, but I can handle this. No one needs to know
.

My misery. My misery...
You're a fine one to talk about sympathy as you bluster and you
bark.

There's always someone new,
who'll cling and crush on you, and there goes another heart.
Because you're a master of all things
slight of hand, you're the horse before the cart.
You made such a mess it's anybody's guess when the next show starts.

Love's hit or miss, but you can handle this. No one needs to know.

Your misery. Your misery...
Oh oh oh.

It's a last call for all at the bar of
woe. It takes one to know one who knows.
Last call for the undertow. Give me one more for the road.
Yeah but don't go yet I'm not done
with you. I can use a little more light.
Maybe I don't want to be alone tonight.
Maybe I'm too tired to fight.

Cause life's hit or miss. We can handle this. No one needs to know.

It's settled to dodge,
it's love's sweet triage, and it just might steal the show.
And my misery just might need company after all.